

I'll Show You My World

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/10666899) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/10666899>.

Rating:

Mature

Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationship:

Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster/Min Yoongi | Suga

Characters:

Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster

Additional Tags:

shy and inexperienced yoongi, lawyer!Namjoon, Smut, BDSM, bdsm relationship, sweet and experienced Namjoon, Dom/sub, Sub Min Yoongi | Suga, Dom Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Bottom Min Yoongi | Suga, Top Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, leather cuffs, crops, Aftercare, contract discussion, sometimes romantic and sometimes sexy, Barebacking, Spanking, Orgasm Control, college student!Yoongi, Yoongi is younger than Namjoon, probably should, Fluff, should I add fluff

Language:

English

Series:

Part 1 of [Be Mine, Baby](#)

Collections:

[4.3 smut fics](#)

Stats:

Published: 2017-04-18 Completed: 2017-04-26 Words: 13,718
Chapters: 5/5

I'll Show You My World

by [DancingSkys](#)

Summary

Yoongi was really questioning his sanity, writing someone on a BDSM forum and asking if he was still looking for a sub as his profile stated. He was convinced he was dreaming as the other actually agreed to meet up and turned out to be an incredibly nice guy who was more than willing to introduce shy, introverted and inexperienced Yoongi to the world and wonders of BDSM.

Notes

I did way too much research for this *stares at screen blankly* I have read a lot... some very interesting stuff among all those forums and articles...

Anyway, this is the first time I'm attempting this kind of story seriously with background knowledge and all that but since I am not all-knowing please do not hesitate to point out things you feel were not depicted appropriately. I will do my very best to correct any mistakes.

I have already finished this story and as you can probably see it is part of a series that will get several updates for sure since those are already finished as well so please look forward to that.

Please tell me your thoughts down in the comments, I'm curious what you think of this and I'm looking forward to your reactions.

Having fun reading~ *throws confetti and dances away to hide under my blanket and pretend I never wrote this sin*

Chapter 1: The First Step

Yoongi gnawed on his fingernails nervously, looking at the screen of his laptop in front of him and squirming uncomfortably as another hot rush went through his body, his heart beating wildly and making him fidget nervously.

The page that was on display had plagued him for weeks and it had taken him an equal amount of time to muster up the courage to simply register. It had a nice layout with aesthetic colors and easily-understandable setup, making it appear too innocent for its content. ‘AvecPlaisir’ was the name, meaning as much as ‘with pleasure’ and the name rang back and forth in Yoongi’s head whenever he was lost in thought, cursing himself for always spending so much time thinking about all these things.

After almost two months of contemplating he had finally taken some time to browse the page for something more specific, his door locked although he lived alone, the curtains drawn and a blanket around his shoulders, laptop perched up on his lap and almost mocking him while he drowned in his misery.

He had stumbled upon, read as ‘looked for’, something that made him shudder with interest, now having stared at the page for a little over ten minutes and going through the written text for the hundredth time already. He was so nervous, his palms sweaty and his legs unable to stop shifting, a strange feeling settling in his chest, the same feeling you had just before a rollercoaster dropped or when we were on a swing and lifted the tiniest bit off the seat at the highest point. It almost hurt but there was still a hint of excitement that made you do it again and again almost like you were addicted.

The page in question was a profile of a certain man called ‘Namjoon’. He had a profile pic that, hopefully, showed him in person posing against a high wall, maybe the back of a random house, somewhere in the streets. There was not much to see because of the size of the pic and the fact that his face was angled down and mostly hidden by his cap. His clothes looked fashionable though and he seemed to be on the taller side.

Yoongi swallowed thickly and went back to reading the 'about me' text one more time, conflicted about what to do.

Experienced dom looking for sub , was the heading and that alone made the boy shift again, biting his lip as he went on.

My last sub left the country for work so now I'm looking for someone who would like to be my new sub.

I have several years of experience and I'm looking for someone who is willing to commit to a relationship, not occasional fuckbuddies or anything of the sorts. This is my lifestyle so I wish to meet someone who has a similar mindset and is not looking for a hookup.

As for me, I'm open to everything. I think honest communication on both sides is especially important to a functional relationship. I regard my sub as a human being with feelings, not an emotionless sexy toy so in my eyes this is not a one-sided thing.

My only rules for now are that you are male and off-age.

If I spiked your interest or you have any questions please feel free to send a message ;)

Yes, Yoongi was browsing a BDSM page on the internet, cheeks heating up every time his eyes caught a word that involved sex or something similar and hiding in his blanket so only his eyes were peeking out.

Yes, Yoongi was looking for a dom.

No, he did not have any experience. This was the first time he ever did something like this. He has had sex a few times before but just plain, vanilla stuff, nothing out of the ordinary. Quite a while ago he has started having these, for him, weird fantasies. He woke up in the middle of the night completely drenched in sweat and whimpering, cock hard and hurting. He'd stand in the shower for thirty minutes, staring ahead and just *thinking* all these shameful things. He had been horrified by his own thoughts at first, scared and confused.

He wanted to be shoved and manhandled, to be ordered around and prohibited from doing certain things. He wanted someone to take complete control over him, to do as they pleased and just use him.

This was where the more intense things came into play.

Yoongi wanted someone to use his body for pleasure, to be tied up and degraded. He wanted something to be shoved up his ass forcefully, to feel so full that it hurt. He wanted to be pinched, slapped and bitten, to be humiliated and laughed at while he struggled.

He was still scared by his thoughts, had been too intimidated to do anything about it for several months, quietly suffering at home. The boy had no idea where these thoughts suddenly came from, he was not exactly experimental or loved sex. He had no toys at home and never really touched himself even when it was bad, feeling like it was not right.

Now, all this time later, he sat on his bed, staring at the profile of a man that made him feel so, so strange and insecure but aroused at the same time, hiding in his blanket and whining softly. Why was all of this happening to him?

At least this profile made him feel a bit more comfortable than all the other ones he had looked at. All of them had been from male doms, no problem there, but many were very demanding, stating extremely strict rules right off the bat, saying they were looking for a plaything, nothing more.

Yoongi needed reassurance and care, he couldn't take this... interest up as a hobby and nothing else. If he ever involved himself into something like this he needed someone to be there for him at all times. He needed an actual relationship, one with romance and all that which is why he had stopped upon stumbling onto Namjoon's profile. This man was offering exactly what he was looking for as far as he could judge. Of course he could still turn out to be a complete douche but from what was written in his profile he seemed to be understanding and open-minded.

Now all there was left to was for Yoongi to contact him which was where he was stuck, had been for the last half an hour actually. He was just so scared, afraid of embarrassing himself or being considered weird. He was on a website for people like him but he didn't feel comfortable at all, he felt out of place and strange like his feelings weren't justified and not enough to fit in with the rest.

He tried to do something else to get his mind off these things but it didn't work, he ended up staring at the profile again so he took a deep, deep breath and clicked onto the small message icon in the upper right corner, staring at the white box and blinking cursor that popped up for what felt like an eternity before he finally typed out the

first word.

Hi

The cursor continued blinking, his eyes set onto the word and his mind blank.

What should he write?

He swallowed and straightened his back slightly, fingers hovering above the faintly glowing keyboard of his laptop, eyebrows furrowed and lower lip caught between his teeth.

Hi

I saw your profile and I was wondering if you were still looking for a sub?

Yoongi cheeks heated up as he wrote the words, fingers shaking the slightest bit.

Hi

I saw your profile and I was wondering if you were still looking for a sub?

I joined just a week ago so I don't know that much yet but maybe you could...

He shook his head and deleted the sentence. This was too off-putting and seemed way too childish. He had to come up with something better.

Hi

I saw your profile and I was wondering if you were still looking for a sub?

I'm currently looking for someone who would be willing to maybe kind of introduce me and just start things slowly I guess as I'm still learning about myself and I'm not too sure yet.

Yoongi cringed slightly.

Hi

I saw your profile and I was wondering if you were still looking for a sub?

I'm currently looking for someone who would be willing to maybe kind of introduce me and just start things slowly I guess as I'm still learning about

myself and I'm not too sure yet.

Maybe you would be interested in that?

This must sound stupid...

I'm sorry, you don't have to reply to this. You probably get enough stupid messages already. I'm sorry

Yoongi curled into himself and looked at the written words with a helpless expression. He really didn't know what else to write. His eyes flickered back to the other's profile pic and realised he hadn't chosen one for himself yet. Maybe that would make him look more serious?

He rolled over and grabbed his phone, scrolling through his selfies and pictures his friends had taken of him when he wasn't looking, sending them with laughing emojis because Yoongi always thought he looked stupid in pictures and tried to hide away from them most of the time as long as they weren't taken by himself. After a while of searching he found a black and white one where he was sitting cross-legged on the floor, only his back on display. That would have to do.

Once it was uploaded he took one last look at his horrible attempt of a message and decided to just screw it, pressing send and curling up in his bed, unable to sleep that night as he worried his head off and imagined all kind of different scenarios.

Thankfully it was Saturday so he didn't have to get up early in the morning, crawling around until he could fetch his laptop from the floor. He swallowed thickly before opening AvecPlaisir and staring at the message icon with big eyes, breath halting as he saw the small, red one underneath to indicate he had one new message. With a beating heart Yoongi opened it and read through the text.

Hey~

Haha, don't worry, you don't sound stupid. Not at all.

So I guess you are a newbie? I don't mind, really.

If you want we can meet up sometime this week and talk a bit. I usually have time in the evenings and I know some good cafés. Interested? :)

Yoongi was sure he must have looked like a gaping fish, not having expected such a nice response. He read through the answer several times, trying to absorb every little detail to be sure he hadn't missed a

big hint that the other wasn't interested after all but all seemed to genuine and clicked the small respond-button at the bottom of the box.

Oh, I'm glad. I wasn't expecting you to actually answer this quickly.

I don't mind meeting up. I'm free on Wednesday if that's okay. Do you have time then?

Yes, Yoongi did mind meeting up, his stomach already clenching with nervousness because of the thought alone. He had time on Monday as well but he wanted to have more time to prepare mentally. He wasn't someone who just went out and met new people, much less people who he wanted to meet because of his... well, sexual fantasies.

Later in the evening he saw the red one once again and clicked onto the message icon, this time feeling a bit more excited but still slightly nervous.

Sure, Wednesday sounds great. Do you know the 'Rocky Mountains' Café in Gangnam? That's where I go often these days. Would that be okay for a meet up?

Sounds good.

He got a response after just a few minutes.

Alright, then let's say 7pm. I have purplish hair at the moment so you should be able to recognize me ;)

Mine is mint so you can't really miss me either I guess.

Then until Wednesday :)

I'll be there

Oh my, what had Yoongi gotten himself into?

Chapter 2: The First Meeting

Chapter Notes

Sorry, took a little while longer because I still wanted to add some things.

The next chapters will be longer

Enjoy~

Wednesday came around way too quickly and Yoongi hadn't been able to concentrate onto anything for the whole day, making thrice as many trips to the toilet as usually and actually thinking about calling the meeting off but he shook his head, forcing himself to look for something nice to wear.

He wanted to dress up and look good but he only squirmed around once the clothes were on, eyes falling onto the clock and almost starting to cry because time went by so quickly and he still felt unsure. As pacing back and forth in his room didn't help either he pulled the clothes off his body and grabbed a black sweater with big sleeve, settling for something more comfortable and familiar. His most trusted and ripped jeans came next together with black converse. It was simple, maybe a bit too simple but he felt a bit better, glad that he could hide his hands in the big sleeves and his body wasn't on display as much.

His heart constricted as he took another glance at the clock, hurrying to gather his belongings and shove them in his backpack.

What was he even thinking? He bit his lip as he locked his door and shoved the key with a small dolphin pendant into his backpack, worrying his head off and practising what to say the whole way to the café. He stood across the street for almost three minutes, staring at the glowing letters of the place where they were supposed to meet and thinking about just turning around and going back home again.

This had been a stupid idea. What was he supposed to say? This would just be uncomfortable and awkward as hell. This Namjoon guy would laugh at him and send him home. He shouldn't have contacted him in the first place. What had he been thinking?

Yoongi glanced at his phone, seeing that he was already six minutes late and feeling even more helpless. He closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths before he rushed across the street and into the café before he had time to ponder again. He hated tricking himself into doing things.

His gaze flickered around nervously, heart almost jumping out of his chest as he spotted a head adorned by purplish hair, the owner looking up at him with a lazy smile and beckoning him over, probably having recognized him as well. Unsurely and with shaky legs Yoongi made his way over to his table more towards the back, a guy with headphones on and a book in his hands sitting at the table next to theirs, sitting down almost cautiously like he was ready to bolt away and the man opposite of him, Namjoon, seemed to notice because he smiled at him reassuringly.

“You want something?” he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the counter. His voice was smooth and calming, the kind of deep tone a narrator for space documentaries on TV would have.

Yoongi’s gaze flickered over there for a short moment, trying not to get distracted by the other voice too much, not sure what to say. “I... um...” He looked up as he saw some money being pushed into his direction.

“Go get yourself something. Maybe also a piece of cake or muffin if you’re hungry, they are really good here,” Namjoon said, having his own slice of what looked like cheesecake sitting in front of him while Yoongi was unable to form an intelligent response, completely caught off guard.

“I... you don’t... I mean-”

“It’s okay, my treat,” Namjoon said with a smile that made Yoongi slightly flustered - more than he already was - and want to do everything just to see it again, taking a sip from his drink. “Go get yourself something nice.”

Slowly, still not too sure, Yoongi took the money and shuffled over to the counter, ordering an iced latte and a piece of chocolate cake. He went back to the table and pushed the remaining money in the other’s direction, mumbling a small ‘thank you’ and setting his backpack aside for now, glancing at the other, who was looking at him intently, and taking a careful sip from his drink which calmed him slightly.

Namjoon’s hair had a side parting and was styled in a casual comma

style. It was indeed purple, several shades blurring together but it didn't make him look any less mature. The black frames of his glasses drawing attention to his dark eyes. Judging from his look he seemed to be several years older than Yoongi. His clothes made him look older as well, white dress shirt tugged into his pants with the top button undone underneath a formal, grey jacket. He wore black pants and shiny shoes which made the student assume he may have come here still dressed in his work clothes.

"You really are a newbie, am I right?" Namjoon asked and Yoongi nodded without looking at him. "Any experience with this?" He shook his head and the other hummed thoughtfully which made Yoongi take another long sip from his drink, his leg bobbing up and down nervously.

"I'm Namjoon by the way," the other said after a moment of silence, smile back in place and this time Yoongi dared to look up at him. "Yoongi," he said quietly, realizing he had never given the other his real name.

"Yoongi," the older mused, nodding his head absentmindedly as if he was trying to store the name away in a safe place. "Nice to meet you. Your profile stated you were younger than me so are you still in college?"

Still feeling nervous but trying to shake the it off because Namjoon was obviously not here to eat or kidnap him, he sat up a bit more so he didn't look like a slouched potato, and nodded his head at the question. "Yeah I'm studying music actually. I... I really want to be producer," he said, getting quieter towards the end because he wasn't sure if that was already too much information for the other. Was he even interested in this stuff or was this just small talk for him before getting to the point?

"Really?" Namjoon asked, sounding honestly interested. "I used to do music when I was younger as a hobby and I did think about turning it into my job but I decided against it in the end. It wasn't really what I wanted so I'm working as a lawyer at the moment."

Oh my, here was Yoongi with his childish dreams about music sitting in front of an actual lawyer who had actually studied law and was probably damn smart and oh god, what was he even doing here?!

"It is a bit boring at times, admittedly," Namjoon continued with a laugh, not commenting on the way Yoongi shrunk back into himself

again. “But it keeps me busy and I can actually help some people so that’s nice. Studying for my degree was hell though, too much stuff to force into your brain at once but I guess you know how it feels to study for exams.”

Yoongi nodded his head, forcing himself to say something. He couldn’t just let the conversation die at this point already. “I do, I finished my exams a few weeks ago. I studied for days straight just to pass.”

“It would be nice if there were no exams in the first place. No more studying,” Namjoon said with a sigh. “But trust me, you’ll be really proud once you did it and have your degree. It’s really something to look forward to. How much do you have left?”

“I’m in my last year.”

The older hummed and took another sip from his drink, continuing with some light conversation and questions. Yoongi still felt a bit on edge but he relaxed as more time passed. It was nice to just talk about... well, normal stuff. He had expected all sorts of things and awkward conversations but this was honestly a lot nicer and more comfortable than what he had imagined the last few days.

They stayed at the café for about two hours before Namjoon asked if he had to go to the station as well and suggesting that they’d go together. Yoongi worried for a short moment that the older would suggest going to a love motel or something but thankfully he didn’t, he simply asked if it was okay to exchange numbers and wished Yoongi a safe trip home and a good night with a charming smile.

Have fun at college today ☺☹☹ ☑←

Yoongi stared at his phone blearily, needing almost a minute to understand the simple text. His eyes wandered up to up to the ID, *Kim Namjoon with the purple hair*, a strange, fluttering feeling settling in his chest which caused him to smile, trying to suppress it by pursing his lips with a grumpy look in his eyes. It was way too early in the morning to smile. He struggled his other arm free from his blanket

and propped himself up on his elbows to be able to write something back although he didn't really know what to write yet. He stared at his screen and hummed, rubbing his feet together as he tried to come up with something.

Thanks~ 🐼🐼

I really enjoyed yesterday

The student took in the words but suddenly a strange thought came to his mind and he deleted the last part while shaking his head. It sounded like they had already done *something* yesterday. He shook his head again at the thought and thought of something new to write. Enjoy was a strange word, who had even come up with that? Stupid word.

Thanks~ 🐼🐼

I had fun yesterday

Some more staring. No, that wasn't any better.

He sighed and dropped his head into the pillows. If he wrote just thanks that would be stupid, like he didn't have to say anything. Technically he didn't but the other didn't have to know that so he had to find something else to add to the small text.

After trying around ten different version he settled for what he had first tried, giving up on creativity so early in the morning. His brain hadn't really woken up just yet after all.

He sighed and snuggled back into his blankets after sending the text and dropping his phone next to him, not wanting to get up just yet although he probably should. But his bed was so warm and comfortable and maybe just some more minutes... just some more...

A loud vibrating noise right next to his ear made him jump out of his skin, eyes flying open again and he scrambled to get his phone, rolling over onto his stomach again and squinting at the bright screen.

Me too. Maybe next time I can take you out to a nice dinner date?

Do you like lamb skewers?

I just recently found out how much I like them

A loud squeak escaped Yoongi's mouth after a few moments of silence

and he rolled around in his bed, kicking his legs until he was hopelessly tangled and almost couldn't move anymore, wiggling back so he could pick up his phone again, rereading the text at least five times and squeaking again, wiggling around some more and hiding underneath another blanket, only his eyes peeking out and staring at the screen with big eyes to make sure the words wouldn't vanish, tapping the screen with his nose after some time so it wouldn't go dark and he could stare for a bit longer.

A dinner date, a freaking dinner date. And lamb skewers. What kind of shaman was this man to know Yoongi would kill for lamb skewers? This was blackmail, Yoongi was sure of that. What kind of dark magic was this?

He honestly didn't mind being blackmailed into a dinner date with Mr. Handsome and lamb skewers on top.

The student grunted into his pillow - he didn't scream, okay? - and fought his way out of his blankets, sitting up cross-legged and typing a quick reply.

Absolutely, I love lamb skewers

He thought about adding a heart but decided against it. It was a bit too early for that... even if it was in a different context.

Great! I'll text you about the time and everything, yeah?

I have to go now. Don't forget to eat something before leaving the house~

Sure

*Don't worry, I won't forget ^^*

Have fun at work

Did that sound too much like an old housewife caring for her husband?

Yoongi decided to not care for that now and dropped his phone onto his bed before he went to the bathroom to get ready for the day, realizing that he had lost almost half an hour by lazing around in bed and brooding - not swooning or squealing, okay? - over Namjoon's texts. He brushed his teeth and slapped some water onto his face before rushing back to his room to pull out some random clothes, stumbling while pulling up his pants and pulling on a beanie to hide

his messy hair.

He grabbed his backpack, phone, wallet and keys, throwing everything inside and sprinting to the front door to pull on a pair of shoes, wanting to leave but halting in his steps as something echoed in his mind.

Don't forget to eat something before leaving~

"God, damn it," he hissed and ran back to the kitchen, slapping together some sort of sandwich in record time and throwing an apple into his backpack before running out of the door and almost choking on his food as he jumped down the stairs, scaring an old woman on the bus with his disheveled look and laboured breathing.

Stupid Kim Namjoon, making him late for college and feel guilty for almost not listening to his texts. He sat down with a grumble and munched on his remaining sandwich grumpily, ignoring that he was secretly glad for the food reminder, otherwise he would have had to go hungry for another two hours.

Stupid Kim Namjoon with his handsome face and broad shoulders and sexy smile and white teeth and-

Yoongi groaned and almost hit his head on the seat in front of him, the older woman looking like she was questioning his current mental state.

Stupid Kim Namjoon.



Namjoon's outfit and Yoongi's is the one from [Jin's surprise birthday party](#) I couldn't find a good picture T.T

Chapter 3: The First Negotiation

Chapter Notes

I'm back again~ I hope there aren't too many typos in this chapter, I was too tired to check one more time before I uploaded

I know you're all waiting for the grand final but that will be in the next chapter, please don't kill me *hides behind laptop*

Thanks to all my readers and for all those nice comments, I really appreciate it and it makes me very happy to hear your thoughts ^^
I hope you'll enjoy this chapter as well *throws confetti*

This procedure repeated several times, the two of them meeting at a café for a few hours to talk about random stuff and go their separate ways after that. Namjoon sometimes texted him to ask about his day or wish him good luck for his presentation he had talked about last time. Their conversation was light and comfortable, Yoongi meanwhile feeling a lot more relaxed around the handsome lawyer who was five years older than him.

“Do you maybe want to come over next time?” Namjoon asked and Yoongi almost dropped his drink. “We could order take out and watch a movie or something,” the older suggested, crooking his head slightly and looking at Yoongi who tried to recover from the shock, what he was thinking probably written all over his face because Namjoon laughed and leaned in slightly.

“Just the normal stuff, Yoongi. I’m not going to drag you into my bed.”

Yoongi breathed out a squeaky sound of acknowledgement, trying to hide that this piece of information made him feel a lot better immediately.

“But we could talk about a bit more in private if you want.”

So there he was, seated on Namjoon’s expensive-looking, white leather couch, a place Yoongi almost didn’t dare to sit down on but the older had just steered him there and made him sit down before he had time to object.

“You want to drink something?” Namjoon asked from the kitchen. “I have lemonade,” he said with a grin and Yoongi mumbled a faint ‘sure’, still busy looking around. The place looked extremely expensive but that was mostly because of the carefully arranged decor and complementary colors which were mostly white, grey and different shades of caramel and brown. Yoongi was sure it wasn’t a cheap apartment but it also wasn’t high end, Namjoon simply knew how to bring out the best of this place with easy methods.

The older came back with their drinks and placed them onto the dark, wooden coffee table, spreading out different sheets that consisted of menus from different delivery services. “Choose what you like,” he said and sent Yoongi an encouraging smile, the younger glancing at him shortly before he shuffled through the options and settled for chinese takeout, standing up to chose a movie at Namjoon’s suggestion.

“You have Inception?” he asked excitedly, holding up the movie and turning to Namjoon who nodded. “I love this movie...” he looked at the cover fondly. “Can we watch it?”

“Sure we can,” Namjoon stood up and moved next to him, popping open the cover and getting the movie started. They watched the first twenty minutes before the food arrived and for once Yoongi felt pretty darn comfortable, sitting on a fluffy blanket because the leather was pretty cold, munching on his noodles and watching one of his favorite movies. Namjoon sure knew what he was doing.

“So,” the lawyer said once the credits were over, the soundtrack still playing in the background. “Shall we talk a bit?”

Yoongi knew what he meant and bit his lip, still nodding his head faintly.

“Okay, first things first; what made you want to try being a sub?”

The younger opened and closed his mouth a few times, unsure of what to say. He couldn’t just blurt out all of his sexual fantasies, right? That would be weird. But what else was he supposed to say? Could he say that it was just a feeling? He nibbled on his fingernails again and Namjoon soon picked up on his troubles.

“You want to have someone that bosses you around, that sets up rules that you must follow, to have complete control over your body and go on until you reach your limits,” he stated and Yoongi felt his cheeks getting warm and his heart beating a bit faster. “Yes,” he said quietly,

unable to look into the elder's eyes.

"And you can imagine that someone to be me." It was more of a statement than a question but Yoongi still nodded his head, feeling utterly embarrassed to be talking about this. Namjoon hummed at the response, nodding his head a few times. "That's good because I can very well imagine you to be my sub."

Yoongi was sure his ears were red by now.

"Now then," Namjoon said and leaned in a bit closer, making the younger look at him with the gesture. "I want you to tell me if you are serious about this because this is not something to take lightly. I know you are a newbie but I still want you to be committed. We're going to take things slow but we still need to be on the same page, okay?" he raised one eyebrow, Yoongi nodding his head after a moment of thinking.

"Say it."

"Yes."

He smiled. "Good." He stood up and disappeared in the hallway that lead further into the apartment, leaving Yoongi alone for a little while. He swallowed thickly and took a deep breath. He was nervous, yes, but also excited. Namjoon was a good guy, he knew he could trust him, he knew what he was doing in contrast to Yoongi who had no idea how to go about all of this correctly except for what he had read online until now.

The lawyer returned soon enough, holding a folder in his hand and settling down on the couch again. Yoongi moved a bit closer, curious to see what the papers inside the folder contained, getting his own copy a moment later.

"This," the older said and motioned to the papers. "Is a list I had with my previous subs as well. It's like a set of rules that the dom and sub have but I'm sure you know about this. Shall we skim through it and see if we can figure something out. Nothing binding for now, you're not my sub yet after all," he said, easing Yoongi's nerves a little. "O-okay."

Namjoon chuckled. "You don't have to be so nervous about this. We're in the same boat, I don't judge, so please be completely honest with me, okay? We can talk about everything, we have to talk about everything if we want to make this work. This is your safety net so it's

yours to set up.”

“Sorry, I’m just... um... I’m not used to talk about this,” Yoongi mumbled in an embarrassed manner, picking at the sleeves of his hoodie.

“It’ll come with time, don’t worry about it,” the older said with a smile, patting his head before his gaze settled back onto the papers. “The easy stuff first; names.” A grin spread across his face. “So, I want my sub to call me sir. I’m not quite into the master or daddy department so I chose to go with sir. I usually call my sub all sorts of things so are there any names you absolutely do not want to be called?” he asked and turned to Yoongi, giving him his full attention.

“Um... like nicknames?” he asked and the other nodded. “Yeah, like babe, honey, doll, baby boy, slut and so on.”

Yoongi flinched at the last one, the small movement not missed by the elder’s attentive eyes but he waited for the other to say it.

“I... don’t want to be called a slut... o-or whore,” he said quietly and Namjoon nodded, writing it down. “Anything else you can think off?”

Yoongi thought for a while. “Princess? Is that a thing? I don’t like it...”

The hummed. “What about doll, honey, baby?”

“No doll, the other two are okay.”

Namjoon wrote it all down with his red pen, setting Yoongi at ease for being this considerate already.

“Okay, tell me if you find more things you don’t want to be called or a name that you favor. Next one is safeword. This is really important to me. You, as the sub, have the power to stop any scenario at any time with this. If you say this word I’ll stop immediately no matter what so if I ever cross the limit or you don’t feel comfortable with what’s going on this is what you say.”

“You don’t have one already?” Yoongi asked and Namjoon shook his head. “The sub chooses the safeword.”

The younger thought for some moment but he couldn’t come up with anything apart from what he had eaten the day prior. “Like... apple pie?”

Namjoon chuckled. "That is indeed something you wouldn't usually use in the bedroom," he said. "Shall we go with that for now?" Yoongi nodded with a smile.

"Alright, veto... we'll leave that out for now and come back later. Ability to alter the terms; yep, exclusivity...", he looked at Yoongi who followed his every move attentively. "For now let's go with yes, we can still talk about this once the time comes but if you are going to be my sub you can't decide on this without my consent and I'm the one who has the final word, okay?" The younger nodded his head. "Good, then this is settled. As for limits... You said you have absolutely no experience, right?"

"I've had sex before," Yoongi blurted out and Namjoon looked at him for a moment before laughing softly. "Okay, good, but did you do more than just have sex?" At this the younger had to shake his head, slightly embarrassed about his sudden comment.

"Is there anything you know you won't like?"

"I don't..." he hesitated. No, he shouldn't say this, it was stupid.

"Tell me, Yoongi," Namjoon urged, the younger squirming slightly but he couldn't ignore the authoritative voice the other had. "I... don't want to bleed," he said quietly, looking at the lawyer unsurely but the latter just nodded in understanding. "Okay, no bleeding. That's a classic. How do you feel about biting?"

"That's okay... I think?"

"Remember, you can always alter the rules later or stop," Namjoon reminded him after he wrote it down and he nodded in understanding. "Anything you don't like regarding toys?"

Yoongi shook his head.

"Bondage? I usually use rope and leather cuffs. I don't like steel cuffs because they are very thin and hurt when it's not pleasurable."

"Do you sometimes like... do these really complicated knots and stuff with rope?" Yoongi asked carefully after giving a small nod, still not sure if he was allowed to ask all these things. "I can if you want me to. I'd have to practice on you though," Namjoon said with a small grin and the younger felt the tiniest bit excited at those words and nodded with a small smile. "Okay."

“You know you can always ask questions, right? Being a sub does not take away the right to ask,” the lawyer said with a smile and Yoongi looked away bashfully. “I’ll try.”

“Is there somewhere you don’t want me to touch you?” Namjoon asked once he had turned back to the papers and Yoongi really wondered how he could be so calm about this whole thing. Maybe he was right and it came with experience but he couldn’t imagine himself being completely relaxed and nonchalant while talking about these things. “I don’t think so.”

“Punishments,” Namjoon read and looked at Yoongi who tried hard not to blush at the word alone. “For breaking rules or disobeying I favor spanking, edging and prohibition from cumming during a session but I also sometimes do other stuff such as assigning chores, hair pulling, sense deprivation, cold showers and in extreme cases no more sex for a certain amount of time.”

Yoongi swallowed as he heard all that, not sure what to think about these since he has never experienced any of these punishments before and didn’t know how he would react. He still couldn’t get into the mindset wholly after all.

“Is there anything you want to cross off the list?” Namjoon asked and Yoongi thought for a while more. “I’m not sure but I think I’ll try. I mean t-those are punishments so... um...”

Namjoon smiled softly. “Think about it and tell me if something changes. If you’re good I won’t have to punish you and you still have your safeword though you should understand the reason for the punishment and not try to get out of it by using your safeword, that would be breaking the rules again and we don’t want that, right?”

The mint-haired nodded softly.

“Say it.”

“We don’t.”

Namjoon smiled again. “Good.” He skimmed through the list, looking at different things that were written down. “For your first time trying this I think a 24/7 might be a bit difficult. What do you think?”

Yoongi blinked a few times. “24/7?” he asked carefully, not sure what it meant in this context.

“24/7 is basically that you have your dom and sub roles throughout your whole relationship. It’s not just for scenarios or in the bedroom but in everyday life as well,” Namjoon explained and the younger ahaed quietly, thinking about what he had just been told but figuring that the older was probably right. This was his first time trying anything like this and this would probably be his first really stable relationship. He didn’t know how he would react to this whole ordeal and he got overwhelmed pretty quickly

“Whw-what do you suggest?” he asked and Namjoon thought for a while before a grin sneaked onto his face. “I have an idea but tell me if you don’t like it.” Yoongi nodded his head. “We will set up our general rules for when we are dom and sub and those cannot be broken by either of us as long as we are in a scenario. The one who initializes is me so what I suggest is either having a word or a nickname that tells your to get into your sub role.”

“Like when you tell me ‘rainbow’ I have to... you know...”

Namjoon laughed out loud. “My, Yoongi, you really have no sense for this, do you?” he asked but it wasn’t meant in an offending manner so all the younger did was blush and pout. “But yes, you got the basic idea. Do you think that could work for you?”

The college student thought about the possibility for a little while and ended up thinking he’d be pretty okay with it. “I do... under one condition,” he said, waiting for the other’s complete attention which he has had for this whole time actually. “I... want to keep it in here. Not in public. I don’t want anything except for normal stuff outside, none of this.”

Namjoon nodded his head. “Okay, nothing public, I can work with that.”

They went through more stuff and settled for some rules.

- Yoongi was to always refer to Namjoon as Sir during a scenario, no matter what.
- He was to answer truthfully whenever Sir asked a question.
- He was not allowed to touch or pleasure himself without Sir explicitly stating what he was allowed to and had to stop immediately upon being told to.
- He was not allowed to cum without permission and had to ask ‘May I cum please, Sir?’ if he wanted to get it and had to thank Sir after cumming except Sir has stated otherwise.

- He was to follow all orders from Sir without complains or hesitation.
- He was to use his safeword ('apple pie') if he felt uncomfortable at any moment and tell Sir what he did not like upon being questioned later on.

At first it sounded like a lot and a bit one sided but Namjoon had his own set of rules as well just that his were slightly different from Yoongi's.

- He had to keep his sub's safety and mental as well as physical wellbeing as a top priority, no matter his own needs.
- He was not allowed to initiate anything while under the influence of alcohol or drugs.
- He was not allowed to call his sub by any names or proceed with any act or punishment that was on the sub's blacklist at anytime.
- He was not allowed to proceed with any act while they were in public and he had not gotten explicit consent from his sub.
- He was not allowed to use his dom status or give punishment for any act that has happened outside of a scenario at any time.

And a final rule that completely everything and stated; All scenarios and acts where these rules apply and include dom and sub status have to be initialized by clearly stating the code word by Sir to sub. The scenario has ended once 'Thank you for your services' has been said by Sir to sub clearly. The rules were only the first stp and could always be altered or more could be added.

"You okay with these?" Namjoon asked once he had copied the rules for the younger who skimmed through them again, wetting his lips and swallowing to get rid of the dry throat he had gotten, shifting slightly on the couch.

"I... I think I'm okay with these," he said slowly, eyes still trained onto the paper. He blinked a few times, trying to keep his tired eyes open and Namjoon chuckled as he ran a hand through the mint-colored strands. "You don't have to be completely sure immediately. This is a big step after all. Think it over for a few days we'll try it out. It'll take time until we have everything sorted out but that's okay, it's normal."

Yoongi hummed, yawning only a moment latter and sending the other an apologetic glance. "I um.. think I should get going," he said slowly, standing up and grimacing as his spine cracked in some places. He

really had to fix his slouched posture.

“I’d ask if you want to stay but you have college early tomorrow, right?” Namjoon asked and Yoongi nodded in a baffled manner, surprised the other had actually remembered. “You wanna have a ride home?”

“You have a car?” Yoongi asked in surprise and the older smiled, fetching his keys and showing off the black one which was obviously a car key. “Sure do,” he said smugly. “So, want a ride?”

The younger nodded excitedly and scurried after the other out of the apartment and down to the garage. “That’s yours?” he asked with big eyes upon seeing the nice Audi, the headlights flashing as Namjoon open the car.

“No, I stole it,” the older teased and Yoongi pouted at him unknowingly, climbing into the passenger seat and putting his backpack into his lap, yawning once more as the engine came to life with a faint rumble.

“Your address,” Namjoon motioned to the screen where Yoongi typed in his address a moment later, listening to the robotic voice that told them where to drive next. He sighed and leaned back, looking out of the window. It was already dark outside, the big apartment complexes lit up in complex patterns of light and darkness coming from the every repeating square windows.

It wasn’t a long ride, only about fifteen minutes but they needed a bit longer because of the still busy streets. Yoongi didn’t mind though, he couldn’t even mind because without him noticing he had already fallen asleep after just five minutes, exhausted from the day although he hadn’t done much. It had been a bit of a mental and emotional rollercoaster, so many new things washing over him all at once. Namjoon was really caring and had made it easy for him to adjust but still, it had been quite an experience.

Namjoon just smiled adoringly once he noticed the younger had fallen asleep, his head lolling to one side once he had actually entered a deeper sleep and arms only loosely hugging his backpack.

He wasn’t kidding when he had said he could imagine him as his sub. Yoongi was a sweet boy and he quite liked him. It had been the right decision to answer the shy and reluctant message he had gotten two months ago. He was looking forward to introducing Yoongi to his world and show him all these different things he had in store for him,

deciding to take it slow and be careful, the boy was inexperienced after all and he had the honor of showing him how everything worked. It was his responsibility to make sure the younger was 100% comfortable and had given his consent to everything they did, otherwise he could really hurt him and he did not want that.

Without realizing he had been staring at the mint-haired for almost five minutes, his car parked at the side of the road in front of Yoongi's apartment complex. Namjoon shook his head to get his thoughts back together and called the other's name softly, repeating himself twice but he only got a faint hum and a small shift out of the younger.

"Honey," he drawled and leaned over the console in the middle, stroking his thumb over the soft patch of Yoongi's left cheek, the boy slowly blinking his eyes open, looking around blearily. "What?" he asked drowsily, obviously slightly disorientated which made Namjoon chuckle.

"We're here," he said and leaned back again, watching how realization dawned upon Yoongi. "Oh god, I haven't fallen asleep in a car since I was a kid," he mumbled and Namjoon laughed. "You should go to bed, kid," he teased and Yoongi sent him a small glare without actual bite before sighing and undoing his seatbelt.

"Thanks for the ride. We'll... text, right?" he asked with a crooked head and the other nodded.

"Sure we will. Sleep tight honey," he called sweetly and Yoongi actually blushed a bit before he mumbled a 'good night' and climbed out of the car, rushing across the street and unlocking the entrance. He glanced back across his shoulder, not sure if Namjoon was even looking in his direction but he still lifted his hand to a small wave before he slipped inside.

He rested his back against the door to his apartment once he was inside and took a deep breath, listening to the silence for some moments.

"Oh Yoongi," he mumbled to himself. "Things will get interesting soon."

Chapter 4: The First Time

Chapter Notes

What do you think? Please tell me at the end, I'm really insecure about this chapter *sobs*

This completes the story and I probably won't update this series for a week or two because it's really stressful at the moment for me.

Guys, I even misspelled the title of this story, like what the squeaky tomato is wrong with me? I didn't even notice T_T

I hope you all enjoyed reading the story, I was so happy about all the sweet comments. Thank you <3

So now on to the last and final chapter! Enjoy~

Have you something planned for tomorrow?

Yoongi looked at the message on his phone, only staring blankly for a little while.

No, why?

Wanna come over tonight? ;)

Oh...

Oh!

Yoongi swallowed and felt a hot rush going through his body, cheeks probably on fire and he glanced around quickly to make sure no one was looking at him awkwardly or had caught on. It was stupid and he knew it, he was on a subway for god's sake. He stared at his phone with big eyes, finger hovering above the keyboard and the screen faded to black after two minutes of just staring and not doing anything.

He didn't know what to do, too many things were going through his head, his palms sweaty and the crazy feeling back in his chest again.

A yelp escaped him and he jumped slightly as his phone started vibrating, the name 'Namjoon' flashing across the screen. The old man next to him scowled up at the boy who only sent him a quick, apologetic, though slightly nervous, smile before he took a shuddering breath and pressed the phone against his ear, the sounds of the subway making Namjoon's voice seem more distant and quite unclear, the words almost unrecognizable.

"Yoongi, hey, don-...We can-.....if you-..... o...ay?"

"S-sorry, I'm on the subway, I can't hear a thing. I... I'll call you back, kay?" he managed to get out and Namjoon's side of the line was silent for a moment, the boy fearing the connection had broken off but he got an 'Okay' before the line went dead.

He had never rushed out of the station this quickly, getting a bit of distance between it and himself, looking around to make sure no one was directly behind him and listened to this conversation. He was being ridiculous but he couldn't help but feel nervous.

Yoongi fished out his phone again and pressed the call button, biting his lower lip as he strolled along the street slowly.

"Can you hear me now?" Namjoon asked with a small chuckle and the younger just hummed, trying hard not to chew on his nails again. "I was worried because you didn't respond. You know we don't have to do anything yet if you don't feel like it," Namjoon said, his soft murmurs setting Yoongi at ease and he closed his eyes, breathing out slowly to get his thoughts back together and stop overthinking everything already but it was really difficult.

"No, I just... I was a bit surprised," he mumbled quietly, his other hand tightening around one strap of his backpack. "It's not that I don't want to, I do, I just... I'm worried."

"What are you worried about, honey," the older asked gently, the sweet nickname making Yoongi feel a tiny bit better as a warm feeling spread across his chest. Namjoon really took good care of him. He was sure there was no one else who would be willing to put up with him like the elder always did. He was so incredibly patient and laid-back, he explained things twenty times if Yoongi asked him to and always reassured him when he was feeling unsure. He really didn't deserve someone like him.

"That I'll be really bad at everything and that I can't get into it, t-that I'll mess up or just be really stupid o-or that you w-won't like it or tha-

at I... t-tell you to stop because I'm scared," he said, eyes burning with unshed tears and no, he didn't want to cry about something like this on the sidewalk out in the open. He liked to think he was stronger than that but apparently he wasn't, sniffing as the first tear rolled down his cheek and quick to wipe it away, staring at his unmoving feet.

"Oh Yoongi," Namjoon said, his voice somehow sounding a lot closer and warmer than just a moment ago, a sob bubbling out of Yoongi's mouth and more tears rolling down his face. "Honey, hey. Are you crying? Don't cry, honey."

"M' not crying," Yoongi said with a fake steady voice but hiccuped at the end of his sentence, clearly proving that he was in fact crying.

"Honey, don't lie. I can hear you," the older said softly. "You are worrying way too much. This is supposed to be fun for both of us, not just for me and if you're scared or nervous that's okay, you don't have to be, but it's okay. If you want to stop in the middle that's okay too. Everything will be fine, you don't have to be worried about anything, I'll take care of it all."

The younger tried hard to stifle his sobs, wiping at his eyes furiously. Namjoon was just way too sweet, how did he deserve someone like him?

"Yoongi? Did you hear me? You don't have to worry, okay?"

The boy hummed shakily, sniffing quietly and nudging the tips of his shoes against each other, head bowed in embarrassment and looking at the floor.

"You want to come over later? I really want to cuddle you senseless right now."

Yoongi had to smile at that, a small, breathy laugh escaping his lips. "O-okay, I'll come over around six, yeah?" he asked, nose a bit stuffy and voice still shaky.

"Sounds great, honey. I'll be waiting with pizza for you~"

The younger smiled softly. "See you then."

"Bye, honey."

No, Yoongi was not trying to hide his face by pulling up his hoodie with his sweater paws, not at all... He was just so embarrassed about what had happened a few hours prior, bursting into tears because of something stupid like this, he wasn't a little kid of god's sake.

Namjoon opened the door and started laughing after a moment of looking at the younger, who whined and stomped his feet in his spot, hoodie pulled up to his nose.

"Come here, you big baby," Namjoon said and pulled the younger into his chest, closing the door behind them, walking backwards to the couch and pulling Yoongi with him to straddle his lap as he sat down, the mint-haired not even getting rid of his backpack as he pressed his face against the other and wrapped his arms around him to grab onto his shirt, closing his eyes and listening to the elder's steady heart beat, almost feeling a bit sleepy after just listening for a few minutes while a hand ran through his hair.

His body relaxed, the tension leaving his muscles even further as Namjoon massaged his back softly with one hand after removing the backpack, a content sigh leaving his mouth. Yoongi could get used to this, this was really nice. Were all relationships like this? His mind turned a bit mushy so he stopped thinking and just relaxed, not seeing Namjoon's fond look while he gazed down at the younger leaning against his chest.

"You know," he said after a while, the sound deep and rumbling in the ear that was pressed against his chest. "The pizza is getting cold."

Yoongi needed a moment before he shot up and looked at the lawyer scandalized. "Why didn't you say you had pizza?" he cried out, pushing off his human body pillow and rushing towards the kitchen to fetch the cartons that were waiting on the counter. "I said I'd have pizza ready for you," the older called but the student didn't listen, come back with the food and an excited look in his eyes only a moment later. He settled on the soft carpet and opened both boxed, quickly figuring that the pepperoni one was for Namjoon and the Hawaii one was his, munching on the first silence within the blink of an eye.

"Don't get the carpet dirty," the older said with fake sternness as some pieces of pine apple dropped back into the carton, Yoongi grunting something as he took his next bite so he just shook his head with a sigh and let it slide. It wasn't like the younger was a toddler that couldn't eat properly after all.

Yoongi didn't managed to eat his whole pizza but that was okay, they just put it away for later or tomorrow, the two of them watching an episode of a drama once they finished. The younger was currently washing his hands in the kitchen, the drama having ended a few moments ago and he still had some flour from the pizza left on his hands. He noticed someone stepping up behind him and strong arms wrapping around his middle but it could only be Namjoon so he didn't mind, scrubbing his hands clean off any grime that was still left. He had just turned off the faucet as the words reached his ears.

"Who do you belong to?"

Yoongi's eyes widened slightly and it felt as if the world stopped for a few moments, his breath halting and the only sounds were those of the water dripping from his hands into the sink. He knew what those words meant. Namjoon had suggested them at one point and Yoongi had agreed, thinking the question was easy to remember and it may be easier for him to get into the right mood with the help of these words. Now that he heard them it was hard to say what he was feeling. He was excited, yes, but all those worries came back like a wave crashing against a wall, threatening to push it over. He was not far from cracking but a hand wandered up to his head and buried itself in his hair, pulling on the strands and tipping his head back in a forceful manner. This was enough to get him back to reality again.

"Y-you, sir," he breathed out, not trusting his own voice. The words felt foreign but strangely reassuring, his heartbeat picking up but this time not because he was worried but because he was getting more excited. He could trust Namjoon, they had talked about everything he could think off, covering everything and setting limits. He was safe with him.

Hot breath fanned across his neck, a pair of lips soon sucking on the skin before a tongue swiped across it, making the student flinch slightly and a shudder go through his body, seeming to end in the tips of his hair.

"That's right. Now, go the bedroom, take off your hoodie and shirt. Stand facing the door and wait," Namjoon said, his voice demanding and authoritative, leaving no room for any sort of discussion.

Yoongi tried to swallowed the lump in his throat and took a shaky breath, moving past Namjoon without daring to look at him and shuffled into the bedroom, his heart beating wildly in his chest as he got rid of the clothes that covered his torso. He turned around to face

the door, staring out into the hallway. While he waited he could hear Namjoon moving around the kitchen, doing god knows what almost like he was making the younger wait for longer than necessary deliberately and it made Yoongi feel on edge, bare toes wiggling on the ground and hands twitching as they wanted to cover up all the exposed skin.

It took the older several minutes before he made his way over to the bedroom, Yoongi's head snapping up and breathing halting for a moment as he looked at Namjoon, the lawyer looking at him emotionlessly before moving closer. His presence was completely different and the younger wanted to take a step back but he held his ground, sure the other could hear his racing heartbeat from where he was standing directly in front of him. He took his sweet time, not doing anything for a while before a hand tangled in Yoongi's hair and pulled him closer roughly, a small gasp leaving his mouth and his mind unable to keep up as suddenly there was a tongue in his mouth, stealing his breath away and making him feel lightheaded.

He had never really kissed anyone before, just a few innocent pecks and maybe one deeper kiss, but this was completely new territory for him, his cheeks heating up as a bit of saliva dripped down the side of his chin, not knowing if it was his or Namjoon's, the kiss wet and messy all along.

"Keep your hands down," Namjoon said against the side of his mouth, Yoongi needing a second to realize his hands had come up to grip onto the elder's shirt, willing them down again and needing to use all his willpower to keep them there once the kiss picked up again.

He almost jumped out of his skin when there was suddenly a hand gripping his cock harshly through his underwear, his jeans undone by now. Namjoon massaged him mercilessly, not gentle in the least but Yoongi didn't mind, a moan escaping his mouth but it was silenced by the elder's tongue in his mouth. The hand in his hair tugged harshly, the younger whining as it hurt his scalp.

"Hands down," the older growled and Yoongi complied with a small whimper of apology, once again having lost the battle against his reflexes. "Look at that," the older said, the student's chest heaving up and down in an attempt to refill his lungs with oxygen again. "You're a mess already." Another hickey was sucked onto his neck and small sounds left Yoongi's mouth, shivers going through his body at the same time his arousal grew stronger, cock already hard and leaking and he would have found it beyond embarrassing if his brain had been

functional at that moment.

Namjoon just tsked and shoved down the younger's jeans together with his boxers, telling to step out of the articles of clothing. Now Yoongi stood there in all his naked glory while Namjoon was still completely dressed and his cheeks grew hotter with each second, feeling even more aroused than before.

The older turned around and grabbed something that was leaning against the bed, Yoongi's breath hitching as he saw that it was a crop. He swallowed, breaths shaky and fast as Namjoon walked around him in circles, looking at every detail of his body and tracing the small leather end over certain areas of skin, correcting the younger's posture and making goosebumps appear all over him. He traced it up from his buttocks to his neck as he walked to stand in front of him again, all the way to his nipples and across his stomach down to his cock and giving it a small whack which had Yoongi flinching and trying to stifle a moan, legs shaking slightly.

Namjoon smirked at the sound before he straightened back up and made Yoongi look straight at him by lifting his chin with the crop. "What's your safeword?" he asked and the younger licked his lips, throat all dry suddenly. "A-apple p-pie, sir," he said and the other nodded.

"Down on your knees and show me your wrists, eyes on the floor."

Yoongi did as told, sinking down to his knees and raising his arms to present the older his wrists, head angled down and eyes settling on the elder's feet which moved away from him soon but Yoongi didn't dare to look up as he heard some faint noise, freezing in his current position and waiting. It didn't take long until something soft but sturdy wrapped around his left wrist first, tightening and the student figured those must be cuffs, excitement thrilling through his bones at the realization. They were heavy and made his arms shake the slightest bit at the strain.

"Up."

He hurried to comply, struggling to his feet while still keeping his head down and wrists facing up. He was turned around roughly and shoved onto the bed, a faint grunt escaping his mouth at the rough treatment but he liked it, cuffs soon chained to the headboard of the bed. There he was now on his knees, ass up in the air and presented to the world, face buried in the sheets and wrists bound above his head

to the headboard. He was completely a Namjoon's mercy and he loved it.

"We'll have to train you so you'll get spanked each time you do something wrong, understood?" the lawyer asked and Yoongi nodded his head, not expecting the loud slap that followed a second later, his buttcheek aching and a yelp escaping his mouth as a wave of pain shot through his body.

"Understood?" Namjoon repeated lowly and Yoongi knew better than to nod this time.

"Yes... yes, sir," he quickly corrected himself, breathing harshly as he anticipated the next slap but it didn't come so Namjoon had let this one slip, the younger having been quick enough to correct himself.

There was rustling behind him and soon something wet and cold dribbled all over his crack, trailing down his thighs and balls. He jerked away for a moment and gasped, closing his eyes to just concentrate on the feeling and breathing to stay alive. Soon fingers rubbed over his entrance and he tensed slightly, waiting for the intrusion which followed soon enough, a long finger slipping inside of him and he shuddered at the feeling. It had been incredibly long since he has had anything inside of him but he loved it already, the feeling so new but fulfilling. He wanted more, he wanted to feel full, to feel pressure against his walls and be stretched beyond his limits, to bask in the pleasure and pain that would blur together. He moved back, wanting the finger deeper, to feel more but instead the finger was removed and he received another harsh slap to his buttcheek, his body jerking forward and a cry escaping his mouth.

"Tell me, who has the upper hand?" Namjoon asked with his deep voice, looming over him and breathing into the younger's ear while his now free, but sticky hand, wrapped around the younger's cock in a strong hold and stroked up and down agonizingly slow which earned him a soft whine.

"You do, sir," Yoongi said, voice strained and weak while some strange feeling of shame and guilt swirled in his gut. Namjoon really didn't let him off the hook even for the slightest slip up but he liked it, it made him feel just so... he couldn't describe it. Powerless, small, owned, without free will. Just what he wanted.

"Who makes the decisions?" the older continued, altering between squeezing and stroking the younger's cock, the latter's legs trembling

underneath them and breath spluttering slightly.

“Y-you do, sir.”

“Whom do you belong to?”

“To you, sir.”

“What did you do wrong?”

Yoongi bit his lip, already embarrassed enough but even more at being forced to say something like this out loud. “I... I tried to pleasure myself, sir,” he said, buttcheek pulsating from the two slaps and cheeks burning from embarrassment, trying his shift slightly as if to hide, head bowed and breath hot against the sheets underneath him.

“Are you allowed to do that?”

“No, sir.”

“That’s right, your body is mine, so is your pleasure.” A sharp tug on the younger’s cock underlined his words, Yoongi moaning and trying to focus but his mind was just so fuzzy.

He sighed in relief as the finger entered him again, this time keeping his hips still and trying to withstand all the teasing he was put through, Namjoon taking his sweet time with everything and Yoongi wanted to cry. He wanted more, more, more, his breath reduced to short pants although they had not even gotten to the more intense stuff yet.

A second finger entered, soon followed by a third and Yoongi keened as they went in deep, hitting his prostate and he swore his vision faded to black for a moment, head turned to the side so he could rest on the bed, needing all his strength to refrain from moving his hips to chase the pleasure and keep his ass up in the air. His stomach was tightening and curling with arousal, the boy trying his best not to cum on the spot.

He had never felt like this before but he loved it, loved it, loved it. His mind was empty except for what he was feeling, the fingers in his ass moving back and forth steadily and it was almost too much, squeezing his eyes shut even more and tensing as he whimpered and managed to hold off the approaching orgasm, breathing harshly and beads of sweat rolling down the side of his face and his nape.

Namjoon chuckled behind him and removed his fingers, Yoongi almost crying at the empty feeling but he heard the other removing his clothes and he tried to look back but was unable to do so, being forced to wait.

A pair of big, warm hands grabbed his hips and readjusted them, raising them a bit more from where the student had been overwhelmed and had let his legs allowed to slide apart. One hand disappeared and Yoongi almost feared another slap but it didn't come, instead something probed at his entrance and he curled his hands into fists, closing his eyes and biting his lip. Any moment now he would-

“AAaahH!”

Namjoon had slammed inside him, overwhelming the boy with his massive size, the pain settling in only a little bit later, and giving him only a few seconds before he started an unforgiving pace, drilling into the younger boy beneath him, shoving his body forward and making him scream as he hit his prostate with every jab rather soon.

All of Yoongi's thoughts had gone out of the window, his arms straining as they tried to pull free, desperate to claw onto anything for purchase, choked and broken moans spilling from his lips together with some drool, his vision hazy and he was sure he was crying at least a bit.

“Aaah please,” he begged, not caring for dignity or anything of the sorts, he had lost that the moment Namjoon had asked whom he belonged to. “P-please... cum,” he wailed, crying out loudly as his still hurting buttcheek was slapped a third time, electricity shooting up into his head and he was sure he had spilled at least a little bit of something, be it precum or his actual cum.

“Ask properly,” Namjoon growled and Yoongi sobbed, desperately trying to form the right words but his brain didn't work properly and the older didn't slow down in the least.

“I wanna... pleasah.... c-cum p-pleas- AAaahH!” Another slap. The student needed time to gather his thoughts, full on crying by now because it hurt, it hurt so much and he just wanted to cum.

“Ma-... Mah... M-may I c-cum p-pleaseAH, s-sir?” he yelped, words jumbled and choked up and he feared Namjoon would say no. He was sure he'd pass out if that was the case.

Something hot pressed against his back but he was too far gone to

recognize it. "You may," he said, the words a deep rumble coming from within his chest pressed against Yoongi's sweaty back, and that was all the younger needed, crying out a jumbled 'thank you' as he came, tremors wracking through his whole body and Namjoon hooked one arm around his middle just above his hips to keep his ass up while the rest of his body slumped, muscles feeling like jelly.

Yoongi whimpered with each push from Namjoon's still hard cock, a little more of sticky fluid dripping from his cock until he was completely drained, the pushing against his prostate hurting his overstimulated body so he whined loudly, more drool dripping down his chin while the elder chased his own orgasm, groaning as he spilled everything inside of Yoongi who just whimpered faintly, unable to move and he would be a heap on the bed if Namjoon wouldn't have kept his ass up with his arm, making him feel even more like a pleasure toy that was owned and used by the older.

The student was trying hard to breath and not choke on the air or his own saliva, stomach tensing and chest jerking each time that was about to happen but he had absolutely no control of his body anymore. He felt completely drained, almost unable to keep his eyes open but there was still the pressure of Namjoon's cock inside of him that kept him somewhat awake.

Namjoon recovered a lot quicker but took some time before he pulled out, Yoongi just twitching in his hold and whimpering faintly. There was a mess of endless amounts of lube all over his butt and between his thighs, now joined by cum that slowly trailed down his legs. He eyed the younger's swollen entrance before dragging two fingers across it, pressing them inside which caused more cum and lube to dribble out, Yoongi trying to squirm but couldn't so all that was heard were the sounds or the chains against the headboard and the student's faint, whimpered breaths.

The lawyer decided that enough was enough and leaned over Yoongi's back again, slowly lowering him down onto the mattress where he lied in a small puddle of his own cum, running a hand across his backside soothingly.

"Thank you for your services," he said and peppered some soft kisses all over the boy's nape while reaching up and undoing the chains. Carefully he turned the younger around and felt pride blooming in his chest as he saw his quite literally fucked-out expression, eyes half lidded and still watery and puffy, tear tracks across his flushed cheeks and his lips slick with spit, swollen and red, his hair sticking to his

forehead and there were still traces of sweat everywhere.

Namjoon bent down and wiped some drool off his chin, capturing his lips in a slow and gentle kiss, not wanting to make breathing any more difficult. His hands moved up the younger's arms, massaging them until he reached his cuffed wrists, cupping them and every so slowly bringing them back down, Yoongi whining faintly at the sore muscles. The older undid the cuffs and massaged his wrists to get the blood circulating again and reduce any pain.

Carefully he moved off the bed, still crouching next to Yoongi before he stood up and moved away for a moment to activate the control panel in his room and fill up the bathtub from there. He was back next to Yoongi within seconds, the boy barely managing to blink his eyes open in search for the older.

"You did such a good job," he said, stroking the mint-haired's cheeks fondly. "Such a good job," he whispered and rested their foreheads against each other, continuing to run his thumbs across the other's cheeks for several minutes after he had closed his eyes again.

"Come on, we'll take a nice bath," Namjoon said and lifted Yoongi up into his arms, carrying him to the bathroom where the tub was already filled with hot water, towels and fresh clothing waiting for them. Namjoon always planned everything beforehand, he was rarely unprepared.

He stepped into the bathtub and sat down with the younger who breathed out and relaxed against his chest, head lolling back and eyes still closed. The session really wore him out and Namjoon just smiled fondly as he did his best to wash him clean, talking to him quietly and praising him, careful when he moved down to his crotch but Yoongi let him without complains except for a few flinches here and there.

The bath was relaxing and made them feel clean again, the older dressing both of them since it didn't look like Yoongi was capable of moving on his own, almost falling asleep while he was seated on the closed toilet seat. The lawyer just chuckled as he picked him up again and moved back to the bedroom which had been aired out already, putting Yoongi in the round armchair and unwrapping some chocolate for him, a ritual he had picked up pretty early. They had eaten before but he still wanted to get something into Yoongi's system again and something sweet like chocolate would make sure his sugar levels weren't too low. The boy just parted his lips and let it melt in his mouth, too tired to even chew properly while Namjoon changed the

bedsheets.

He made the younger drink some water before he moved him back into bed, pulling up the blanket to cover both of them wrapping his arms around Yoongi from behind, the student having fallen asleep already.

The next morning Namjoon was the first to wake up, not much surprise there, and usually he would stand up to get breakfast ready but he didn't want Yoongi to wake up alone so he stayed, watching the younger sleep peacefully and smiling faintly while he waited. He didn't pay any attention to the time so he couldn't say how much had passed once Yoongi shifted and blinked his eyes opened, greeted by Namjoon's chest in front of him.

"Good morning, sleepy head," the older murmured and watched with a small grin as everything dawned on Yoongi, everything that had happened last night flashing before his eyes and his expression going from sleepy to confusion to questioning to shock to realization and finally he looked up at Namjoon with big eyes, the older watching the red color spreading all across his face to his ears before the boy dove down and hid underneath the covers, whining loudly.

"You, don't... don't look at me," he wailed, Namjoon only hearing small mumbles of 'oh my god' for a while before he tried to dig out the younger again which was not an easy task since Yoongi didn't want to be dug out, always shying away and curling up until Namjoon finally got hold of him and pulled up out from his blanket cocoon.

"There you are," he said with a chuckle and pulled the student on top of him, patting his head. "You did really good yesterday," he mused and Yoongi shifted a bit, cheeks still red and eyes looking off towards the side.

“Really?” he asked quietly and Namjoon hummed.

“Really, really good. You did such a good job.”

The student closed his eyes for a moment at the praise and took a shaky breath, calming his fluttering nerves slightly. He had been worried he wouldn't be a good sub but hearing Namjoon say that he had done a good job just reassured him a bit.

“We'll work our way through the other stuff as well,” the older said. “But I think it was already great as it was.”

Yoongi nodded his head, laying still until his stomach rumbled loudly, Namjoon's soon following suit which made them both chuckle.

“Come on, we need to get some food,” the lawyer said and sat up together with Yoongi who whined as pain shot up his spine. “It'll disappear with time and practice,” he said as he eyed the younger and helped him get to his feet, steadying him as he wobbled and limped slightly.

Yoongi grunted. “I guess yesterday was worth this,” he muttered and looked away while Namjoon just grinned knowingly.

“Oh, I'm sure it was. Let me see.” He carefully pulled down the waistband of the other's pants, ignoring the weak protests. “Oh look at that,” he said, eyeing the bruise that had formed on one of the boy's buttcheek, chuckling softly. “You sure bruise easily.”

“What?” Yoongi asked and craned his neck, swallowing loudly as he saw the blue-greenish bruise. “Oh...”

“You okay with that?” Namjoon asked with a raised eyebrow and the younger hummed quietly. “It's fine...”

The older smiled, feeling proud, and bent down to capture the other's lips in a sweet morning kiss, nudging their noses together. “Come on,” he said softly, taking his hand. “I can make scrambled eggs and I think I still have some strawberries and mango in my fridge.” He knew how much Yoongi liked mangos so he might or might not buy them for him like... all the time and strawberries were just another bonus.

“Hey Joonie,” Yoongi said after a little while of silence and the older turned around to him curiously, making him smile softly. “Love you.”

The lawyer was stunned for a moment before he broke out into a wide

smile and captured the student's lips in another kiss. "Love you too, sweetie."

Chapter 5: Requests

I wanted to add this in the last chapter but I completely forgot.

So I thought for a little while and figured I wanted to ask you guys if you have any ideas for this series? If you have suggestion or requests please feel free to write them down in the comments, the more details you include the better, and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. I still have a few things written and plan on uploading those. I'm quite busy at the moment so they and possible requests won't be up for a while but I thought this would be great for getting some inspiration.

You can also write me on Tumblr ([DancingSkys](#)) if you don't want to write a comment heree. Whatever it might be, don't hesitate to write. Even if you just wanna chat, I'm always happy about new friends ^^

Thanks again for reading~

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!